

# Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 2—VOL. XVI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1804.

NO. 783.

## THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM.

Mark it, Celanio: it is old and plain!  
The spinners and the knitters in the loom,  
And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones,  
Do use to chaunt it.

SHAKESPEARE.

SHORTLY after these occurrences Richard received private information from his friends in England, that John, his unprincipled and ambitious brother, was secretly leagued with Philip, his potent enemy, though pretended ally; and that measures were already concerted between them for the ruin of his power, and the subversion of his authority; and that many dissatisfied Barons, either terrified at John's power, or allured by his artifices, had agreed to support him in his unnatural rebellion.

Thus was Richard, in a distant country, deserted and basely betrayed by those very allies who had so frequently urged him to undertake the gigantic enterprise of conducting the crusade, and left with only a few knights and his national troops to face the intrepid Saladin, the greatest warrior of the East; yet, unsubdued by the multifarious dangers with which he was environed, they served only to bring into action those great mental resources that nature had endowed him with.—A truce with the infidels was the first point he determined on; but, previous to his entering into the treaty with Saladin, he wished to defeat the intentions of his domestic enemies, by announcing his intention of speedily returning to his kingdom. It was necessary that a man of abilities should be his messenger, and one faithfully attached both to his person and his interests, as his future security, nay, perhaps his crown itself, might depend on the manner in which this commission was executed.

After mature deliberation Richard determined on dismissing Lord Albany, to prepare the Queen and Council for his intended return. He was likewise entrusted with a commission to the Pontiff, relative to the affairs of Palestine.

As the truce with Saladin was now determined on, there was no dishonor attached to our Knight's request of attending his patron to England; but his solicitation were earnestly opposed by Richard, who honoring his early proofs of innate valor, wished to attach him to his person: but on Edgar's request being seconded by Lord Albany, who urged the promise he had given the dying soldier of conveying Edgar to England, there to seek a solution of that mystery his last words had implicated Richard gave a reluctant consent, and Edgar prepared to attend Lord Albany to his native country.

Previous to their departure they were summoned to a personal conference with their Sovereign, and Lord Albany received in the presence of Edgar the important commission that Richard had prepared for him. He adjured Albany to exert all his interest to frustrate the schemes of his enemies, and by his address to weaken the party of his brother, and to cement as much as possible the union of those Barons who had continued faithful in their allegiance to himself.

"My Liege Lord," cried Albany, "the commissions you have honored me with, I will most religiously perform; and may that All-perfect Being, whom we both revere, eternally renounce

me, if I forfeit my honor, or abandon my King!"

"Enough," cried Richard: "to doubt thee, would betray a baseness that our soul abhors. For you, my young Knight," addressing Edgar, "we have only to recommend for your example the conduct of our heroic Albany, and then your sword will never be drawn but in a righteous cause."

"It will ever be ready, my Liege," cried the spirited Edgar, "to defend the rights of my Sovereign, to protect the innocent, and chastise the perfidious."

"And in such cases," cried Albany, "may it ever be victorious."

Sentiments so congenial to his own were warmly applauded by the Royal warrior, and he soon after allowed them to depart, though not till he had given them many assurances of his future favor and protection.

In the then tumultuous situation of affairs it would have been unsafe for Albany to have traveled with the dignity his rank demanded; for in a public character, it would have been possible for him to have escaped the vigilance of Philip, who had emissaries scattered through every state, to fathom the intentions and perplex the designs of Richard.—To avoid the jealousy of this hostile Prince, he assumed the habit of a Monk, while Edgar arrayed himself in the weeds of a Pilgrim. Thus disguised they passed unperceived to Joppa, from whence, in a Venetian galley, they proceeded to the dominions of the Pope; from whence they set out on foot to the power of the Infidels, who, being secretly apprized of the rank of Albany, gave him speedy admission to his residence.

After executing the commission with which he was charged to the Pontiff, Lord Albany and Edgar again took shipping, and arrived, without meeting with any interruption, on the coast of England, from whence Lord Albany proceeded to the capital. After lodging Edgar, for the present in a monastery of Grey Friars, on his arrival at Westminster he had the mortification to discover that falsehood and ambition had already sapped the foundations of government; that fraud and anarchy trampled upon the rights of the Sovereign and insulted the sufferings of the people. His presence gave offence to John, to whom he was obnoxious for his attachment to his brother; and it was painful to the Queen mother, because it hourly reminded her of evils which she had not the power to suppress. Yet Lord Albany, in defiance of the difficulties which were thrown in his way, executed with fidelity the commissions of his King. He availed himself of every possible expedient to stop the progress of rebellion, and strengthen the interest of the absent Monarch; but discovering that he was menaced and watched by the adverse party, he determined to retire privately to his castle, there to await patiently the arrival of Richard, which event he flattered himself would soon take place, and then he determined on emerging from his solitude, and assisting both with his council and his sword the cause of the injured and insulted Monarch.

His arrival was unknown to his family, for he held the commands of Richard too sacred to be delayed for any selfish gratification. His Countess, who had long labored under an accumulation of corporeal maladies, had frequently, in vain,

solicited his return, as had their lovely daughter, the Lady Elfrida, whose tender sympathy and unobtrusive attention had lessened the severity of her parent's sufferings, who had now been many months confined to her chamber. The fatigue of Elfrida during this painful period had been greatly lessened by the humane assistance and attentions of Lady Margaret Douglas, a friend and relation of Lady Albany's who had, by desire of the Earl, taken up her abode at the Castle previous to his departure for the crusade.

When his return was notified at the Castle, the loudest acclamations of gratitude and joy evinced the pleasure those tidings gave its long anxious inhabitants.

Edgar, by appointment, met his benevolent patron within a few miles of the Castle, and they were preceded by an herald to announce their approach. No sooner did the well remembered clariion emit the three distinct notes which had ever preceded the approach of the Earl of that mansion, than the vassals ranged themselves in the hall to await his arrival.—Father Peter repeated his Ave Marias, and the venerable bard strung his harp to notes of triumph, while he recounted all the traditional prodigies of valor which had been achieved by the illustrious house of Albany. The Countess wept; Elfrida danced; and Lady Margaret sighed deeply, while she vainly endeavored to compose the agitated spirits of her friend. At length the blessed moment arrived, and Elfrida flew on the wings of love to the feet of her father.

Speech was denied her; but her tears were more expressive than words. The Earl raised her from her humble attitude, and while his delighted eyes ran eagerly over her improved and animated figure, he folded her exultingly to his throbbing heart while tears of rapture unrestrained bedewed his sun-burnt cheek.

Ah!—in that interesting moment what became of our Knight! Fixed motionless to the spot on which he stood, his staining eyes not for one moment wandered from the fair form of Elfrida, whose head still reclining on the shoulder of her father, she raised her expressive blue eyes to his face, and in tones soft as the breath of morn, welcomed his return, and invited him to the chamber of her expecting mother.

"I will follow you my child," said Albany, endeavoring to recover himself from emotions so painfully extatic—"But first let me introduce to my Elfrida a brave Knight, whom fortune conigned to me on the plains of Palestine.—His valor has been rewarded by our gracious King; and his virtues have fixed him in the heart of thy father.—Edgar—this is the daughter of thy friend."

"So, my Lord, my heart informed me," said Edgar, kneeling to take the hand which Lord Albany offered to him; and Elfrida for the first time beheld the companion of her father. "Lady," said he, respectfully raising her hand to his lips—"on this fair hand I swear to you eternal fealty—You may command, on all occasions, the life, the sword of Edgar."

Their eyes met—Edgar's beamed with admiration, while Elfrida's were suffused with tears. "Rise, I entreat you, Sir Knight," cried Elfrida, "and receive, as the friend of Lord Albany, the poor meed of Elfrida's good will."

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vorous sanction of affairs it for Albany to have trav-erred the world; for in a world where have been pos-sessed the regularity of Philip, the complexity of the de-signs of the hostile hordes of a Monk, while he was a Pilgrim, he was corrupted by Jop-Venue's guile, they pro-ceeding from whence they proceeded, the com-mission with which he stiff, Lord Albany and Ed-gar, and arrived, without rupture, on the coast of Lord Albany proceeded to give Edgar for his present Friar, on his arrival at the monastery to discover that the rights of the Sovereign and the rights of the people. His presence gave offence to John, to whom he was obnoxious for his attachment to his brother; and it was painful to the Queen mother, because it hourly reminded her of evils which she had not the power to suppress. Yet Lord Albany, in de-fiance of the difficulties which were thrown in his way, executed with fidelity the commissions of his King. He availed himself of every possible expedient to stop the progress of rebellion, and strengthen the interest of the absent Monarch; but discovering that he was menaced and watched by the adverse party, he determined to retire private-ly to his castle, there to wait patiently the arrival of Richard, which event he flattered himself would soon take place, and then he determined on immer-ging from his solitude, and assisting both with his council and his sword the cause of the injured and insulted Monarch.

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Edgar obeyed, and Lord Albany followed his daughter to the Chamber of the Countess. Their meeting was such as might be expected after a long and tedious absence, the greatest part of which had been spent by the Countess in sickness and solitude. The Earl pressed to his heart the emaciated hand of his suffering Lady, who sat on a couch, supported by her friend. He took the other side of the invalid, whose hurried spirits he endeavored to compose; and, after some time, his efforts were successful, and the Countess recovered sufficiently to converse with the Earl on the state of their family; and he, in turn, recounted his adventures with Edgar. The ladies requested to see him, and Elfrida retired to conduct him to their presence. The moment he entered, and advanced towards the couch, the Countess extended her hand; but Lady Margaret, uttering a convulsive shriek of terror and surprise, sunk back motionless cold drops of sweat chased each other down her bloodless cheek, while a deep groan, that distorted every nerve, seemed but the messenger of approaching dissolution; and the unhappy lady was soon after conducted senseless to her chamber.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BAD TEMPER.

THERE seems to be, with persons of ill nature, an opinion which few persons who have no evil passions to hide, will allow—"That a man of good sense and quick parts, is of a bad temper, and that a man of bad temper, is generally a man of abilities." Never was a more erroneous idea, fatal to the interest of society, and palpably false in principle. A friend remarked to me the other day, while covering on this subject, that he had observed, through a long and laborious life, that those who have possessed abilities, honesty, and integrity, have mostly possessed good humor, the general result of an unguilty mind.

Mad men and fools, says Rochefoucault see every thing through the medium of their humor: thus, if an ill natured person is dissented from in a debate, as he can never imagine himself wrong, he sets his antagonist down for a fool, little suspecting that the company falls the same cap upon himself with more propriety.

An ill tempered person is mostly given to slander, and knowing the intemperance of his own thoughts, seeks for hidden meanings never meant; his offences are seldom forgiven, as they are generally more the offspring of the heart than the head.

All the heroes who possessed a bad temper, have been villains of the blackest dye, as Marius, Sylla, Dionysius, Maximian, Tiberius, &c.

All the most valuable conspicuous persons were to the contrary, as Socrates, Epaminondas, Cimon, Aristides, Alexander, Cæsar, Plato, Virgil, Alfred, Addison, Henry Vth, Edward Vth, Montaigne, Goldsmith: but they are innumerable.

The will of an ill-natured man is his law; his first is his logic, he is generally envious, avaricious, and tyrannical: mostly ungrateful and illiberal;—a bear in society, and a pest to his family.

### NED SHUTER---the Comedian.

NED was often very poor, and being still more negligent than poor, was careless about his dress. A friend overtaking him one day in the street said to him: "Why, Ned! are you not ashamed to walk the streets with twenty holes in your stockings—why don't you get them mended?" No, my friend, said Ned, I am above it—and if you have the pride of a gentleman you will act like me, and walk with twenty holes rather than have one darn. How, how, replied the other, how the deuce do you make that out? Why, replied Ned, "a hole is the accident of the day; but a darn is pre-destinated to poverty."

### FOR THE NEW-YEAR.

LO! from the east, Sol's radiant beams appear,  
And smile propitious on this new-born year;  
Each faded season, which revolves around;  
Demands anew, our gratitude to sound;  
And witness-kind Heaven's benignant plan:  
Whose boundless mercies, rest on fallen man  
What tho' gay nature ceases now to bloom,  
And dreary winter yields no sweet perfume:  
What tho' the gardens have their beauty lost,  
And fields, and meadows, are all child by frost;  
Altho' the trees stand naked, and adorned,  
Stript of their verdure, destitute, forlorn;  
Yet still for me, each season has its charms,  
And winter's piercing cold has no alarms.  
Peaceful within I sit around the fire,  
And read those pages which I most admire:  
There wrapt in thought I the contemplative mind  
Soars back to ages—scorns to be confin'd;  
Marks well the progress of each varying year,  
Pleas'd with those happier prospects which appear.

### THE VILLAGE SABBATH.

THE farm house left, from uplands hills and dells,  
The rustic troop crowd thro' the church-yard lanes;  
With lively chime resound the busy bells,  
As wind their footsteps to the ivy'd fane.  
Dress'd in their Sunday shoes, their milk-white frock,  
The lipping youngsters tudge with shining thrace;  
The curate, watchful shepherd of his flock,  
Smiles, on his charge with unaffected grace.  
His eye surveys the peasant train  
Coming by, showers blessings as she goes;  
Their hands huge books of prayers sustain,  
Their cheeks more ruddy than the damask rose:  
Blest emblem of the golden age!—how few,  
Scenes of tranquillity, like yours pursue!

### EPITAPH

ON A POOR, BUT HONEST MAN.  
STOP, reader, here, and deign to look  
On one without a name:  
Ne'er enter'd in the ample book  
Of fortune, or of fame.  
Stadious of peace, he hated strife,  
Meek virtues fill'd his breast;  
His coat of arms "a spotless life,"  
"An honest heart" his crest:  
Quarter'd time with war innocence,  
And thus his motto ran:  
"A conscience void of all offence,  
' Before both God and man."  
In the great day of wrath, tho' pride  
Now scorns his pedigree:  
Thousands shall wish they'd been ally'd  
To this great family.

### OCCASIONED BY A

YOUNG LADY WEeping ON HEARING THE AUTHOR  
READ PARADISE LOST.

CEASE to lament Eyes fell with tearful eyes,  
Her fault should make succeeding daughters wile!  
Yet view the sex, ev'n now they thoughtless stray,  
Where wild imprudence points the devious way.  
Art's sly slaves, capricious fashion's tools,  
The dupes of gamblers, and the sport of fools  
Let conscious virtue o'er your heart preside,  
Control each thought, and every sly guide:  
Then in your breast shall Eden bloom anew,  
And long lost Paradise revive in you.

### IMPROMPTU, ON THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN FOOT WITH MISS PATTEN.

MAY the union this morning cemented at Matin,  
Be blissful and crown'd with abundance of fruit!  
May the foot ever closely adhere to the PATTEN;  
The PATTEN forever stick close to the FOOT!  
And tho' Pattens are used but in moist, dirty weather,  
May their journey through life be unclouded and clean!  
May they long sit each other—and, moving together,  
May only one sole be still cherish'd between.

TO A LADY---CARRESSING HER CHILDREN.  
SEE, where, around the lovely parent cling  
The smiling infants, her sincerest bliss,  
While on their lips, more sweet than breath of spring,  
She prints the softness of a mother's kiss.  
A kiss, for which luxurious wealth its store  
And titled grandeur all its glittering toys,  
With vain allotment, at her feet would pour,  
While infant innocence the boon enjoys.

### VOLTAIRE'S MONUMENT.

Here lies deposited,  
VOLTAIRE.  
This man  
"In Poetry was... much,  
In Politics was... something.  
In Religion, was... nothing at all."  
He was a Chief of a herd of Freethinkers,  
Who affected the Belief and Practice of a certain  
System of Morality,  
Which they had the hardihood to maintain as  
Superior to revealed Religion.

But,  
To his own disgrace,  
And the mortification of his followers,  
Did in his own Person give the Lie  
To their visionary hypothesis.

For,  
Under the influence of his new fangled Creed,  
He, Like many of the Confraternity,  
Became notorious  
For want of Honor,  
The want of Veracity,  
And the want of common Honesty.

Reader,  
When thou read'st,  
That among the highest orders of mankind,  
The only restraint on powerful tyranny,  
Wild desire, mad ambition, and  
Oppressive avarice, is

RELIGION;  
And that among the subordinate rank of thy  
Fellow creatures the same Principle  
Is their great support and consolation  
Under every species of adversity,  
Thou wilt perceive that the man who  
Endeavors to invalidate its  
Authority and diminish its influence  
Is an enemy to the well being and Happiness  
Of Society.

### AN APPARITION.

THE late Dr. Fowler, bishop of Gloucester, and justice Powell, had frequently altercations on the subject of ghosts. The bishop was a zealous defender of their reality,—the justice somewhat sceptical. The bishop one day met his friend, and the justice told him that since their last conference on the subject, he had an ocular demonstration which convinced him of the existence of ghosts. "I rejoice at your conversion," replied the bishop, "give me the circumstance that produced it with all the particulars: OCULAR demonstration you say." "Yes my Lord,—as I lay last night in my bed, about the twelfth hour I was awakened by an uncommon noise, and heard something coming upstairs!—"Go on."—"Alarmed at the noise, I drew my curtain!" Proceed!"—"and saw a faint glimmering light enter my chamber."—"Of a blue color was it not?"—"Of a pale blue!—the light was followed by a tall, meagre, stern figure, who appeared as an old man of seventy years of age, arrayed in a long light colored rug gown, bound round with a leathern girdle: his beard thick and grisly, his hair scant and straight, his face of a dark sallow hue,—on his head a large fur cap,—and in his hand a long staff. Terror seized my whole frame,—I trembled till the bed almost shook, and cold drops hung on every limb;—the figure with a slow and solemn step stalked nearer and nearer."—"Did you not speak to it? there was money hid, or murder committed, without doubt."—"My Lord, I did speak to it;—I adjured it by all that was holy to tell me whence, and why it thus appeared?" and in heaven's name what was the reply?"—"It was accompanied my Lord, by three strokes of his staff upon the floor,—so loud that they made the room ring again,—when holding up his lantern, and then waving it close to my eyes, he told me he was the watchman! and came to give me notice that my street door was wide open, and unless I arose and shut it, I might chance to be robbed before morning."



NEW-YORK:  
SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1864.

The number of deaths in this city for the week ending on Saturday last, according to the City Clerk's report, are, adults 19--children 11--Total 30.

On Sunday, the 18th inst. Abigail Underwood, a deserving woman, æ. 24, was killed by a discharge of a musket loaded with shot, at the house of Messrs. Wilwall and Moore, paper makers, in Waltham. A youth came into the room where she was cutting the hair of an acquaintance, took up a gun, and snapped it twice, when it went off, and carried one-half of her head, with it. The verdict of the jury--*Accidental death*. It is much to be lamented that the frequent repetition of similar disasters to the above, does not prevent persons suffering loaded guns to be in dwelling houses.

On the 18th inst. Phineas Moody, of Somers, (Con.) murdered his wife, child, a girl about 8 years of age, and himself. He had been for some time deranged in his mind. This miserable man was about 30 years old, his wife 24, and his child 17 months. [Lost pap.]

Capt. Dalby arrived at Philadelphia last Tuesday from Port Republic, which place he left the 10th ult. informs--that the blacks were levelling all the fortifications at Port Republic, and erecting nothing but wooden buildings, with the intention of setting fire to them, and retiring to their fastnesses in case the French should at any future period meditate their subjugation. They compelled the whites, men, women, and children, to assist in these works. Saw no french privateers in the Bite of Leogane and heard of no late captures.

When captain Herbert, of the schr. Niade left Martinique, the port continued in a state of blockade by two British 74's, a frigate, a sloop of war two brigs and several schooners.

On Tuesday morning December 27th Mr. John Randolph, of Chesterfield county, (Virg.) was found dead in his bed. A jury of inquest sat on his body, and after mature consultation, gave us understand a verdict of murder! Suspicion has placed the inhuman deed upon a very near connection of Mr. Randolph's. Feelings of humanity prevent our giving publicity to the name of the persons until the subject undergoes a legal investigation.

We understand that the U. S. brig Syren, which was fitted out at, and sailed from Philadelphia in August last, has arrived at Bolton with dispatches for government from the commodore of the American Squadron in the Mediterranean.

We are informed by a sloop from Brunswick, that a schooner under French colors, with passengers, is ashore near Amboy--she ran in there on Sunday during the storm.

The man apprehended at Portsmouth, under suspicion of being JEROME BONAPARTE, is discharged. He has much the looks of an Italian Jew (!!) which is also said to be the case with Jerome. While under confinement, he was treated with the greatest politeness: which he took full advantage of, ordered every thing to the very best, and kicked one of the persons down stairs, who was appointed to attend him, for some slight disrespect. On being discharged, he desired the officers to tell their employers that as they had insisted upon his being the well known brother, he had lived up to the character.

[Lost pap.]

Captain Gilman, from Canton informs us, that just before he sailed, John Tuck, Grand Hoopoo of Canton, (Chief officer of the Customs) was poisoned by order of the Emperor of China, who sent three Mandareens from Pekin for the purpose. The first gave him a poisonous pinch of snuff, the second a pill: and before the third was administered, he was a corpse. This is the mode in which he was punished for *squeezing the poor*. He took the poison with as much complacency as one friend would take a pinch of snuff from the box of another.

TRENTON, January 9.

On Tuesday last, we were alarmed by the cry of fire. It originated from the bursting off of the cap of a still in the Distillery of Mr. Samuel Downing near the upper end of Main-street; by exertions however, the progress of the fire was so soon checked, that little damage occurred to the building: but the person attending the works, Mr. Thomas Bell, was shockingly scalded by the boiling liquor which burst upon him.

STAUNTON, (Virg.) December 2.

A melancholy accident happened on Thursday the 1st inst. in this country. The kitchen of a Mr. Coiner was consumed by fire, and with it two of his children, one about two and the other about four years of age, together with a negro child. Mrs. Coiner and three children being at home by themselves, she while cleaning the house told them not to go to the kitchen, a few minutes after having occasion to go there herself, discovered it enveloped in flames, supposed to have originated by the children playing with the fire dropping some coals in a quantity of dry cottonious to the door, which prevented her from entering. She immediately ran to a hole in the wall where she beheld her tender offspring with upraised hands supplicating assistance, her cries and entreaties were vain; on taking hold of their arms they slipped from her grasp, the skin remaining in her hands; she made a second effort, and got the head of one through the crevice, but being unable to get it farther, it was consumed together with the others, in the light of its agonizing parent. The bones were gathered upon the following day and decently interred.

January 6.

A negro fellow who says his name is Tom, and that he belongs to Widow Ragland of Louisa county, was a few weeks since taken up and confined in the jail of this county as a runaway. He was tried on Wednesday last, before court held for the purpose, for setting fire to the jail, found guilty, and sentenced to be executed one day and one month after the passing of his sentence.

ST. PETERSBURGH, Oct. 10

Our city is now exposed to a very great flood. A violent storm from the sea has forced the water into the canals; in many of the streets boats are actually plying, and the alarm guns from the Admiralty are firing incessantly; the storm has already lasted six hours--should it continue with equal violence for eight hours more, the damage will be immense.

ANECDOTE OF A ROMAN SENATOR.

WHEN Vespasian commanded a senator to give his voice against the interest of his country, and threatened him with immediate death if he spoke on the other side, the noble-minded man thus magnanimously replied? "Did I ever tell you that I thought myself immortal? My virtue is at my own disposal; my life at yours. As you will: I shall act as I ought! and if I fall in the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death, than you in all the laurels that you wear!"

COURT OF HYMN.

YOUNG lads, gather roses while yet they are blowing,  
Come, weed while you may, for the girls are agog;  
Snatch the bliss ere the blushes of youth fade away,  
Ere (bachelors grown) you repeat the ditty.

On Saturday evening the 31st ult. by the Rev Mr. Kaypers, Mr. WILLIAM N. XEN, merchant to Miss ELIZA SHEFFIELD, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Kneize, Mr. JOHN P. FISHER, to Miss LOUISA WARING, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Pitmore, Mr. MORRIS EARL, to Miss ELIZA LEONARD, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Z. LEWIS, proprietor of the Commercial Advertiser, to Miss SOPHIA NICHIE, daughter of Mr. John Nichie, of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. JAMES TABELL, to Miss Z. HAWES, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Townly, Mr. JOHN MANNING, of Woodbridge, (N. J.) to Miss SUSANNAH BLOOMFIELD, of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Strebeck, Mr. JOHN TRIP, to Miss MARY TALMAN.

At Hadham (Con.) Mr. ROBERT KEENE, of Providence, to Miss HANNAH ROWEN. This couple were strangers on Saturday, were published on Sunday, and married at night.

At Athens, (Ver.) Mr. SILAS CHAPLIN, aged fifteen, to Miss SUSANNAH POWERS, aged thirteen!!

Little Jack Horner, sat in the corner,

Eating a Christmas pie,

He put in his thumb, and pulled out a blump,

Crying, what a brave boy am I.

The CHARITY SERMON, intended to have been preached in Zion's Church, in Most Street, on Sunday last, was, on account of the inclemency of the weather, postponed: it may be expected to take place tomorrow afternoon at the same place (if fair weather). In the evening service, a few select hymns will be sung by a select choir, under the directions of the Messrs. SEYMOUR.

The CHARITY SERMON intended to have been preached in the BAPTIST MEETING HOUSE, in Gold Street, on Sunday evening last, on account of the inclemency of the weather, was postponed: it may be expected to take place to-morrow evening the 15th inst. and a Collection made for the benefit of the Baptist Charity School, after which several pieces of vocal music will be performed by a Select Choir, under the direction of Mr. CORREY.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, will be presented (3d time), a COMEDY in five acts, called,

The Marriage Promise,

To which will be added, a new PANTOMIME, called

Raymond and Agnes,

OR, THE BLEEDING NUN.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby forbid trusting my wife, Catharine Sisson on my account, as I am determined to pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

PRESERVED SISEN.

January 6, 1864. 783--6 w.

Three or four gentlemen can be accommodated with BOARD & LODGING, also furnished rooms to let, enquire at No. 225 Water-Street on the corner leading to Crane Wharf.

LOTTERY TICKETS,

Sold, Registered, and Examined at the Book Store of JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

ALSO  
BOOKS AND STATIONARY  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

## COURT OF APOLLO

### THE WINTER'S NIGHT.

THE thick'ning shades of night appear;  
Hark! from the wintry storm afar;  
Hark! from the sea-beat shore I hear  
The din of elemental wars.

Fierce on my roof the rattling hail  
Its glassy flood tremendous pours;  
The tempest bellows in the vale;  
Aloud the bending forest roars.

Yet, while convulsive Nature's groan  
Rocks Earth upon the trembling pole,  
A smile, dear girl, from thee alone,  
Imparts calm fun thine to my soul.

No wealth have I, nor fame, nor pow'r,  
(Though rich enough, if lov'd by thee.)  
Yet thousands, in this dreadful hour,  
Would give all these to fare like me,

What numbers, on the troubled deep,  
Remote from friends, from kindred dear,  
For wives bewail'd, despairing weep,  
For children drop the bitter tear!

Safe, shelter'd from the dismal storm,  
Love's chaffest sweeps my breast inspire,  
While, in my cot so snug and warm,  
We sit around the cheerful fire.

How throbs my heart, with purest joy,  
While, mid these scenes of mutual bliss,  
With cherub smiles, our infant boy  
Implores the fond maternal kiss.

O! let me clasp thee to my breast,  
And meet affection's cheering smile,  
In chaste endearments lull to rest  
My cares, my sorrows, and my toil.

We'll trim the brisk, enlivening fire,  
Nor dread the wind that round us blows;  
Till sleep shall bid our thoughts retire  
To pleasing dreams, or soft repose.

### TO THE PRINTER.

PERMIT a giddy trifling Girl,  
For once to fill your Poet's corner:  
She cares not how the critics snarl,  
Or beaux and micromacs scorn her.

She longs in print her lines to see;  
Oblige her, (sure you can't refuse it)  
And if you find her out—your pen  
Shall be—TO KISS HER—if you choose it.

### ANECDOTE.

#### SINGULAR AWARD.

A hungry beggar observing the smoking of the victu-  
ary's in a cook's shop, went in sat himself down, and eat  
some of his own bread, and was so satisfied with the com-  
fortable smell of the meats and sauces (whereof he tasted  
no otherwise) that he confessed that his hunger was as well  
appeased therewith, and that he had as good a repast, as if  
he had indeed dined himself with the best cheer there;  
which the cook hearing, bade the poor catiff pay for his  
dinner; at which the simple guest was astonished, and the  
cook much more earnest, at last they both agreed to abide  
the award of the first man that should pass by; who hap-  
pened to be a student at law, to whom as their judge they  
rehearsed the matter; which being heard, the student es-  
corted the poor man to put so much money between two por-  
tugers, as amounted to the cook's unreasonable demand,  
and shake them in his hearing. This done the arbitrator  
awarded—"That as the cook had fed the poor man with  
the smell of his victuals; so the poor man should pay him  
therefor, with only the sound of his coin."

### M. NASH'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

No. 79 BEEKMAN STREET.

LATELY added to this Library, the Encyclopaedia  
Britannica, with the supplement, 20 vols. 4to. The  
Preceptor, containing a system of education, a vols. 8vo.  
Hayley's Life of Cowper, N. Y. edition, a vols. in 1. 8vo.  
Berkley's Minute Philosopher, 8vo. Hall's Tales in Poetry,  
8vo. Bunyan's Poems, 8vo. British Theatre, 34 vols.  
Butler's Hudibras, 8mo. Together with several other  
valuable publications, and a variety of the most esteemed  
Novels, Romances and Plays. The terms for Subscribers  
and readers by the single volume, may be known by en-  
quiring at the Library between the hours of 6 and 9 in the  
evening. Dec. 17.

## MORALIST.

### NEW-YEAR'S LESSON.

BEGIN the year with an impartial review of past life,  
and with a sincere and firm resolution to rectify whatever  
has been amiss.

If you have hitherto been slumbering in indolence, it is  
now time to wake out of sleep; for much is to be done,  
and the time to do it is short.—If the poisonous  
weeds of vice have been sprouting up in your mind, re-  
solve now to eradicate them.—If you have been addic-  
ted to profane swearing, to using the cup of intemperance,  
or to any other practice that degrades the human character  
and wastes thy estate, improves the present opportunity to  
break this pernicious spell and to deliver yourself from the  
pit of ruin.

If you have neglected to govern and educate your chil-  
dren in such a manner as tends to lead them to the prac-  
tice of good morals, "turn over a new leaf," and for the  
future let your example and precepts combine in training  
them up in the way they should go.

Regulate your expenses according to your income: if  
that be small, carefully study economy and let industry  
supply the deficiency.—If you are one of the Ton, or a  
leader of fashions, try, for once, to make good moral fash-  
ionable.—If you have been raised to any considerable of-  
fice, consider that your example will tend either to purify  
or to poison the manners of others; and that if you set an  
ill example, you will be answerable even for its remotest  
consequences.—If you are rich, open your hearts to deeds  
of charity and benevolence. Extend a liberal hand to the  
children of need, that the blessings of such as are ready to  
perish may come upon you.—Devote some of the surplus-  
age of your income to the education of the children of the  
poor, who would thankfully rise up and call you blessed.  
In a word, study to be good and do good.—Let every day  
be mark'd with deeds of virtue; and then, on the last  
day of this year, peaceful reflections will soothe your mind  
or even if Death should intervene before the sun should  
perform another annual revolution, the testimony of a good  
conscience will be better than the softest down to your pil-  
low, and will support you in the last struggles of Nature.

THE ACADEMY No. 417 Pearl Street is now occu-  
pied by SAMUEL MOOR, a teacher at Greenwich.—  
If a sincere desire for improvement with the most effec-  
tuous exertions to promote the best interests of the rising  
generation merit patronage, the subscriber hopes that a  
generous public will encourage him in the arduous but  
delightful task of leading the tender minds of their chil-  
dren along the flowery paths of Science. The public may rest  
assured that it shall be his highest ambition to  
establish the seminary a nursery of virtue, morality and  
propriety of deportment, and render it worthy the edu-  
cation of those who are duly sensible of the importance of a  
good education which may place their children in the  
reach of a treacherous world, and prevent them from inher-  
itance, of which the most adverse vicissitudes of fortune  
cannot deprive them.—The room is spacious, retired from  
noise, and convenient for the accommodation both of young  
ladies and gentlemen.—An evening school is also kept for  
teaching Reading and Writing, with the Mercantile and Math-  
ematical branches. SAMUEL MOOR.

### For the Use of the Fair Sex.

#### THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE.

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, white-  
ning and softening the skin; remarkably good for chopped  
hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy.—this ar-  
ticle is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81

William Street, New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete as-  
sortment of every article in his line, such as, Pomarums of  
all sorts, common and scented Hair Powder, a variety of the  
best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Waters,  
Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond  
Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Ro-  
ses, Aromatic Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough  
Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths,  
Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla  
Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizzets, Perfume Cab-  
inets, Razors and Razor Stroops of the best kind, handsome  
Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoise  
shell and Ivory Combs, Swan-downs and Silk Puffs, Pinch  
ing and Curling Irons, &c. &c. June 25

### M. WATSON,

No. 18 Bow Street, has just opened an elegant assortment  
of CHILDREN'S LINEN, gentlemen's embroidered Shirts,  
Cravats, and Shirt Handkerchiefs, &c. also, Sheets, Towels,  
&c. &c. Nov. 19.

## LIQUID BLACKING.

TICE'S improved shining liquid blacking for boots,  
shoes and all leather that requires to be kept black, is uni-  
versally allowed the best ever offered to the public, it ne-  
ver cracks nor cracks the leather but renders it soft, smooth  
and beautiful to the last, and never fails. Black morocco  
that has lost its lustre is restored equal to new by the use of  
this blacking. Sold wholesale, retail and for exportation, by  
J. Tice at his perfumery store, No. 112 William Street,  
and by G. Camp, No. 143 Pearl Street, where all orders  
will be thankfully received and immediately executed.

To prevent counterfeits, the directions on every bottle  
will be signed J. Tice, in writing, without which they are  
not genuine.

J. Tice has likewise for sale, a general assortment of  
perfumery of the first quality. Dec. 17.

### MISS SULLIVAN

Respectfully informs her friends and the public, that  
she has opened a DAY AND EVENING SCHOOL, in  
Cherry-Street No. 99, a few doors from the New-Slip, for  
the reception of Young Ladies. She flatters herself, by  
her attention to the intellects and improvement of those  
who may be intrusted to her care, to merit a liberal share  
of encouragement. Those Ladies who would wish to be  
completed in writing, by applying to Miss Sullivan will be  
taught that art in a few lessons only; and such as cannot  
make it convenient to come to her School, she will if re-  
quired, attend them at their houses.

N. B. Cards of the terms may be had at No. 63 Cherry  
Street, or at her School. Dec. 3, 18.

### JAMES THORBURN,

No. 26 Maiden-Lane, corner of Green-Street, returns his  
thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal encou-  
agement he has received, and hopes to merit a continuance  
of their favors. He has received per the ships Juno and  
Diligence from Amsterdam, a large and elegant assortment  
of FANCY BASKETS, &c. viz.

Clothes Baskets of different sizes,  
Wine Glass Baskets, round and oval,  
Handsome Toilet Baskets,  
Large and small Trunk do.  
Handsome Market do.  
Ladies fine Knitting Baskets, different sizes,  
Handsome Children's do. do. pattern,  
do. Bread do.  
do. Counter do.  
do. Tumbler do. different sizes,  
do. Knife do. do. do.

East India, Durable and Holland Table Mats,  
Together with a large assortment of Tubs, Pails, Coolers,  
&c. also Common Baskets different kinds. Dec. 24.

### WITHOUT SEAM.

#### PATENT FLOOR-CLOTH MANUFACTORY

JOHN HARMER, takes this opportunity to inform the  
public, that he still continues carrying on the above business,  
and that he has procured a quantity of STOUT CANVAS  
manufactured for the express purpose, from one to seven  
yards in width, together with other improvements, which  
will enable him to carry on the business on a more exten-  
sive and perfect plan than he has heretofore had it in his  
power to do; and is now able to serve his customers with  
this kind of FLOOR-CLOTHS to any plan or dimensions,  
equal in quality and elegance of figure to any imported,  
and in a much shorter time and cheaper rate.

N. B. Those ladies and gentlemen, who wish to be  
supplied with the above articles for the approaching sum-  
mer, will do well to forward their orders soon, that the  
Cloth may be immediately executed, to be ready in the  
spring, as some time is necessary for seasoning.

Orders left at Osborn and Van Nostrand's, No. 7  
Beekman Slip, New-York, or at the Factory, in Brooklyn  
Long-Island, will be assiduously attended to. Dec. 17

### NEW NOVEL.

This day published by BURTON and DARLING,  
No. 116 Broadway, opposite the City Hotel; Zaida or the  
Dethronement of MUHAMMED IV; a novel founded  
on historic facts, translated from the German of Angelus  
Von Kutzner, never before published in the English lan-  
guage; to which is added an historic drama called the  
BEAUTIFUL UNKNOWN, by the same author.

### NEW-YORK.

#### PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY JOHN HARRISON, No. 3 PECK SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.



